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Extracts from the history of JACOB FAITHFUL, from Greenbank's Periodical Library.

My father's pipe, literally and metaphorically, was never put out. He had a few apothegms which brought every disaster to a happy conclusion; and he seldom or ever indulged in words, these sayings were deeply impressed upon my infant memory. "It's no use crying; what's done can't be helped." When once these words escaped his lips, the subject was never renewed. Nothing appearing to move him; the adjectives of those employed in the other lights, barges, vessels, and boats of every description, who were contending with us for the extra foot of water as we drifted up or down with the tide, affected him not, further than an extra column or two of smoke rising from the bowl of his pipe. To my mother, he used but one expression, "Take it coolly," but it always had the contrary effect with my mother, as it put her more in a passion. It was like pouring oil upon flame; nevertheless, the advice was good had it been followed. Another favorite expression of my father's when anything went wrong, and which was of the same pattern as the rest of his philosophy, was "Better luck next time." These aphorisms were deeply impressed upon my memory. I continually recalled them to mind, and thus I became a philosopher long before my wise teeth were in embryo, or I had even shed the first set with which kind nature presents us, that in the petticoat age we may fearlessly indulge in lollipops.

I have said that I was heir apparent, but I did not say that I was the only child born to my father in his wedlock. My honored mother had two more children; but the first, who was a girl, had been provided for by a fit of the measles, and the second, my elder brother, by tumbling over the stern of the lighter when he was three years old. At the time of the accident, my mother had retired to her bed, my father was on deck forward, leaning against the windlass, soberly smoking his evening pipe. "What was that?" exclaimed my father, taking his pipe out of his mouth and listening; "I shouldn't wonder if it was'n't Joe." And my father put in his pipe again, and smoked away as before.

My father was correct in his surmises. It was Joe who had made the splash which roused him from his meditations, for the next morning Joe was no where to be found. The morning after the accident, my father was up early and had missed poor little Joe. He went into the cabin, smoked his pipe but said nothing. As my brother did not appear as usual for his breakfast, my mother called out for him in a harsh voice; but Joe was out of hearing, and as mute as a fish. Joe opened his mouth in reply, neither did my father. My mother then quitted the cabin, and walked round the lighter, looked into the dog-kennel to ascertain if he was asleep with the great mastiff—but Joe was no where to be found.

"Why, what can have become of Joe?" cried my mother, with maternal alarm in her countenance, appealing to my father, as she hastened back to the cabin. My father spoke not, but taking the pipe out of his mouth, dropped the bowl of it in a perpendicular direction till it landed softly on the deck, then put into his mouth again and puffed mournfully. "Why you don't mean to say that he is overboard?" screamed my mother.

My father nodded his head, and puffed away at an accumulated rate. A torrent of tears, exclamations and revilings, succeeded to this characteristic announcement. My father allowed my mother to exhaust herself. By the time that she was finished, so was his pipe; he then knocked out the ashes, and quietly observed, "It's no use crying; what's done can't be helped," and proceeded to refill the bowl.

"Can't be helped?" cried my mother; "but it might have been helped."

"Take it coolly," replied my father.

"Take it coolly!" replied my mother in a rage—"take it coolly! Yes, you're for taking every thing coolly; I presume if I fell overboard, you would be for taking it coolly."

"You would be taking it coolly, at all events," replied my imperturbable father.

"O dear, O dear!" cried my poor mother; "two poor children, and lost them both!"

"Better luck next time," rejoined my father, "so, Sally, say no more about it."

After the death of his parents he is taken under the protection of Mr. Drummond, and the following is his first introduction to the decencies of civilized life.

"Have you any friends, my poor boy?" inquired the lady.

"No."

"What! no relations on shore?"

"I never was on shore before in my life."

"Do you know that you are a destitute orphan?"

"What's that?"

"That you have no father or mother," said the little girl.

"Well," replied I, in my father's words, having no answer more appropriate, "it's no use crying; what's done can't be helped."

"But what do you intend to do now?" inquired the proprietor, looking hard at me after my previous answer.

"Don't know, I'm sure. Take it coolly," replied I, whimpering.

"What a very odd child," observed the lady. "Is he aware of the extent of his misfortune?"

"Better luck next time, missus," replied I, wiping my eyes with the back of my hand.

"What strange answers from a child who has shown so much feeling," observed the proprietor to his wife. "What is your name?"

"Jacob Faithful."

"Can you write or read?"

"No," replied I, again using my father's words. "No, I can't, I wish I could."

"Very well, my poor boy, we'll see what's to be done, said the proprietor."

"I know what's to be done," rejoined I, "you must send a couple of hands to get the anchor and cable afore they cut the buoy a-drift."

"You are right, my lad, that must be done immediately," said the proprietor; "but now you had better go down with Sarah into the kitchen, cook will take care of you. Sarah, my love, take him down to cook."

In a few minutes I followed them into the dining-room, and for the first time I was seated to a repast which could boast of some of the superlative comforts of civilized life. There I sat, perched on a chair, with my feet swinging close to the carpet, glowing with heat from my clothes, and the novelty of my situation, and all that was around me. Mr. Drummond helped me to some scalding soup, a silver spoon was put into my hand, which I twisted round and round, looking at my face reflected in miniature on its polish.

"Now, Jacob you must eat the soup with the spoon," said little Sarah, laughing; "we shall all be done. Be quick."

"Take it coolly," replied I, digging my spoon into the burning preparation, and tossing it into my mouth. It burst forth from my tortured throat in a diversing shower, accompanied with a howl of pain.

"The poor boy has scalded his mouth," cried the lady, pouring out a tumbler of water.

"It's no use crying," replied I, blubbering with all my might, "what's done, can't be helped."

"Better that you had not been helped," observed Mr. Drummond, wiping off his share of my libelous spargeification from his coat and waistcoat.

"The poor boy has been shamefully neglected," observed the good-natured Mrs. Drummond. "Come Jacob, sit down and try it again; it will not burn you now."

"Better luck next time," said I, shoving in a portion of it, great deal of tremulous hesitation, and spilling one half of it in its transit. It was now cool, but I did not get on very fast; I held my spoon away and soiled my clothes.

Mrs. Drummond interfered, and kindly showed me how to proceed; when Mr. Drummond said, "Let the boy eat after his own fashion my dear—only be quick, Jacob, for we are waiting."

"Then I see no good losing so much of it, taking it in tale," observed I, "when I can ship it all in bulk in a minute." I laid down my spoon, and stooping my head, applied my mouth to the edge of the plate, and sucked the remainder down my throat without spilling a drop. I looked up for approbation, and was very much astounded to hear Mrs. Drummond quietly observe, "That is not the way to eat soup."

The following is his first attempt at learning the Alphabet.

"What is that boy?" said Mr. Knapps, pointing to the letter A.

I look attentively, and recognising, as I thought, one of my father's hieroglyphics, replied, "That's half a bushel," and I was certainly warranted in my supposition.

"Half a bushel, You are more than half a fool. That's the letter A."

"No; it's half a bushel: father told me so."

"Then your father was as big a fool as yourself."

"Father knew what half a bushel was, and so do I; that's half a bushel."

"I tell you it's the letter A," cried Mr. Knapps in a rage.

"It's half a bushel," replied I doggedly. I persisted in my assertion, and Mr. Knapps, who dared not punish me while the Dominie was present, descended from his throne of one step and led me up to the master.

"I can do nothing with this boy, sir," said he, as red as fire, "he denies the first letter in the alphabet, and insists upon it that the letter A is not A, but half a bushel."

"Dost thou, in thine ignorance, pretend to teach when thou comest here to learn, Jacob Faithful?"

"Father always told me that that thing there meant half a bushel."

"Thy father might, perhaps, have used the letter to signify the measure which thou speakest of, in the same way as I, in my mathematics, use divers letters for known and unknown quantities; but thou must forget that which thy father taught thee, and commence *de novo*. Dost thou understand?"

"No, I don't."

"Then little Jacob, that represents the letter A, and whatever else Mr. Knapps may tell thee, thou wilt believe. Return, Jacob, and be docile."

I learnt rapidly after I had conquered the first rudiments; but I had another difficulty to conquer, which was my habit of constructing every thing according to my confined ideas; the force of association had become so strong that I could not overcome it for a considerable length of time. Mr. Knapps constantly complained of my being obstinate, when, in fact I was anxious to please, as well as to learn. For instance, in spelling, the first syllable always produced the association with something connected with my former way of life. I recollect the Dominie once, and only once, gave me a caning, about a fortnight after I went to school. I had been brought up by Mr. Knapps as contumelious.

"Jacob Faithful, how is this? thy head is good, yet wilt thou refuse learning. Tell me now, what does *c-a-t* spell. It was the pitch-pipe to *cat-head*, and I answered accordingly.

"Nay, Jacob, spells *cat*, take care of thine head on thy next reply. Understand me head is not understood. Jacob, thine head is in jeopardy."

"Now Jacob, what does *m-a-t* spell?"

"Chafing mat," replied I.

"It spells mat only, silly boy; the chafing will be on my part directly. Now, Jacob, what does *d-o-g* spell?"

"Dog-kennel."

"Dog, Jacob, without the kennel. Thou art very contumelious, and deservest to be rolled in the kennel. Now, Jacob, this is the last time that thou triflist with me, what doth *h-a-t* spell?"

"Fur-cap," replied I, after some hesitation.

"Jacob, I feel the wrath rising within me, yet would I fain spare thee; if *h-a-t* spell fur-cap, pray advise me, what doth *c-a-p* spell then?"

"Cryptern."

"Indeed, Jacob, thy stern as well as thy head are in danger, and I suppose then *w-a-n-d* spells windlass, does it not?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, pleased to find that he agreed with me.

"Upon the same principle, what does *r-a-t* spell?"

"Rat, sir," replied I.

"Nay, Jacob, *r-a-t* must spell *rattan*, and as thou hast missed thine own mode of spelling, thou shalt not miss the cane." The Dominie then applied it to my shoulders with considerable unctious, much to the delight of Mr. Knapps, who thought the punishment was much too small for the offence. But I soon extricated myself from these associations, as my ideas extended, and was considered by the Dominie as the cleverest boy in school.

**OBADIAH BASHFUL'S FIRST AND LAST COURTSHIP.**

Well, I suppose I must tell you all about my courtship, I must. You must know that our old man made a great fuss about my slickin to home, round the fire cold winter night, and said to me one night, said he, "Well, now, O-bed, (you see he always called me O-bed, but my name is Obadiah), said he, "Well, now O-bed, you just might as well be out courting Deb Jones, as to be squatting down here on your hunkers, and you know, O-bed, if you do unmarried, the name of Bashful will be extinct."

"Oh, well, now, father," said I, I don't know nothing about *instinct*, but I can't go to court, Deb, for you know she dresses her hair so nice, and she's such a rotten nice gal, that every feller 'bout these parts is half crazy after her; there's Joe Turner, Bill Davis, and a hull squad o' chaps, as wears all the new fashions, and now father, said I, what would I look like with my old buckskin suit that I have worn six years, long side o' their blue coats, and pants and shawshes, and them are things—but father wouldn't hear nothing 'gainst his own opinion, and so I had 'o go just to please the old man. Deb used to go to the old white church, you know, up uncle Ephraim's lane, near the blacksmith's shop, right by the orchard. Well it wa'n't there—no I guess it wa'n't—I wish it had been. Well, I went off dressed darnation slick, I thought—I guess I rubbed two tallow candles, there or thereabouts, into my hair, trying to make it curl, but I swan to a man it was a mistake, there wa'n't no curl about it after all, it stuck out for all sense just like pork and pin quills, as Jim Stephens says. Well, some how or other I got myself into tolerable slick order, had on the new hat and coat I got at a raffle night before, and off I bolted to the church, with my hands in my pockets, whistling Hail Columby. I felt jest as big as old Bony Party at Waterloo—I seed Deb step off

her horse like a feather, and I runs up to speak to her, when up comes that eternal Joe Turner, dressed almighty nice, as if he had been put up in a bandbox to keep, and walks off with her right before me, before I could get out. How de dew, Debby! if I didn't look nation sheepish, I reckon 'tain't no matter; I blushed some too—never mind thinks I, meetin will have to break up some time or other, and Deb will have to go home; so I went up to the house to wait for her.

She did come at last, and "Oh my golly!" she did look screamin nice! I felt so fluttered, I didn't know what to say no how—at last I got out, Deb—that is, I mean Debby, or Debby, don't I look just as if my face was all over goose pimples—and darn my buttons if Deb, and that eternal Joe didn't laugh till I wished to die nearly. But we all went in, and Deb handed me a chair, but I felt so flustered I never looked where I was sittin, and down I came crowsall right on Deb's new bonnet and her fixups, and overset the chair and sprawled right on the floor, and split my new coat right down the back all open! Here was a nice pickle. But Deb pinned it up, and that gave me kind o' flection for her, and so I staid to tea, but I was so flustered I split my tea over Joe's new pants, and he called me a darned awkward hog! I never said one word all the time I staid, Deb had to talk all and I answered yes or no. She asked me, "Mr. Obed did you ever hear a sarahade," said I no, "Miss Debby I never heard of Sarah Nade, but I know 'Sall Edwards', and Joe, the fool, he laughed at that. But Deb said she did not mean Sarah Nade, it was what the town chaps call their music when they go out to play nights—then she looked a kind o' s'antinductual at him, and I think he kissed her.

But I soon saw that Deb loved Joe more than me, and I got ready to back out—Deb said, "I suppose you are gom' to see that Moll Mickle."

"Why, said I, Debby I reckon I got little more taste for the fine arts, than to arter such a looking critter as she,"—then she looked right smart at me, and said, "she always thought I was a better judge of furniture than to spark with sich dandies," that tickled me like old snakes, and I ris up to make a bow for it, but some how or other, I caught my feet together, and I sprawled right against her—I overset her in Joe's lap! She got up darned mad, I tell you; she says, "Mr. Obed, that is too bad, I wonder what you will do next!—but I had to laugh; I never knowed afore that Deb wore false hair, and when she fell all her heartcatchers, as she used to call them, fell off, and she looked just like a shriek owl. "Why, said I, Deb, the next thing will be something else."

I reckon that made Joe laugh on my side, and I began to pluck courage. Says I, "Deb, we are again to shear our old black ram, next Fast day week, and I'll send you enough wool to make you a wig,"—that ris Deb's ebenezer—she got up and made one poke at me with the shovel, but I guess it was a mistake. I was on the road home. I told all to father, and he laughed, (for he always did when anything tickled him). "Now father," said I, "if you want to court Deb, you can do it, there's no danger now from the heart-catchers; and he laughed again—says he, "Obed, say no more about that," and I kinder took the hint, and I never said a darned word about it, from that day to this.

**LUCKER.**

*Romantic Case.*—In the Exchequer Chamber on Friday, Mr. H. Twiss opened the case of Russell vs. Turley. He said that Mrs. Russell, before her marriage with Mr. Russell, lived in the family of Mr. Burge, an eminent optician in Piccadilly, and on her marriage £1000 Navy 6 per cents, belonging to her was transferred to Mr. Burge in trust for herself for life, and at her decease for the benefit of her daughter; the interest to be paid to the plaintiff for life. Mr. Burge, the trustee, died in 1819, a short time after he had executed this deed. Mrs. Burge came into possession of all his property, and the plaintiff, although her niece, could never obtain the deed from her, nor any acknowledgment that money was due to her, but £26 were doled out to her, expressly by way of favor. In 1823, Mrs. Burge was married to Mr. Turley, and in 1832 she died. The deed then in a most extraordinary manner made its appearance. An old shopman to Mr. Burge, named Allen, produced the document, and related that the day after Mr. Burge's death, he an Mrs. Burge were in a room examining two chests, when Mrs. Burge took the deed, which was in a box, and told him to burn it; adding that she had sent the servant out, and that she had made a fire for roasting in the kitchen. Allen then wrapped up the deed in some paper, and went into the kitchen, whither he was followed by Mrs. Burge. Allen then threw the brown paper in which the deed had been enclosed into the fire, and secreted the deed itself. Mrs. Burge then stirred the fire, and said, as it flamed up, "Now I am happy." The deed remained in the possession of Allen till the death of Mrs. Burge, when he delivered it to Mrs. Russell. Mr. Treslove, for Mr. Turley, said his client knew nothing of the circumstances which had been stated. He made very slight opposition to the reception of the deed. The

hand-writing of Mr. Burge, and the genuineness of the deed having been proved, Lord Lyndhurst decreed for the plaintiff, and under the circumstances with costs.

*From the Family Pioneer and Juvenile Key. PRODUCTIONS OF THE FOREST.*

*Security of Lumber, &c.*

The chief staple of Maine is furnished by the Forest.—It is the interest of the Public, as well as of individual proprietors, that our resources from this quarter, and especially that legal rights, should be held sacred and be protected by summary and efficient law.

Our abodes are secured, during the defenceless hours of sleep, by the highest sanctions of the law. For a similar reason the river trade in lumber demands a similar protection. The reason in both instances, is, that property is, by the necessity of the case, out of the personal care of the owner and of course subject to peculiar exposure. On these accounts we are glad that our legislature has guarded the rights of individuals by laws of salutary vigor. The recent verdict in Oxford county, will also be of great service by apprising unprincipled speculators that they will no longer be suffered to brave the law of the land. It is the fixed determination of the owners of lumber on the Androscoggin, BE THE EXPENSE WHAT IT MAY, to explore the recesses of fraud, and the mysteries of clapboard and shingle weaving, and to cause to be administered the wholesome though severe penalties "in such cases made and provided."

Nor is this all—offenders may be assured that public opinion is thoroughly excited, and rectified on this subject, and whatever may once have been the state of public sentiment, the time has arrived when those who intermeddle with the lumber of others must rank with thieves and suffer the odium and disgrace of such characters.

We hope however that the proceeding of the prudential committee of log owners, in their late tour, will have their due effect in preventing injurious practices; for although Justice is on the alert and will assured punish crime, it is better for all concerned that no occasion should occur for the infliction of penalties.

We might publish a curious narrative, in possession of the prudential committee, touching the premises, which we suspend, in hopes that reformation will render the publication unnecessary.

The correspondent of the Boston Post "RIZ EFFENDI," under date of Feb. 8, says that the nomination of Mr. Kavanagh, of this State, as *Charge d'Affaires* at Naples, is said to be on the tapis, and very truly observes—"He stands high at home as a man of talents—and high here in the confidence of the Cabinet. He is the only Catholic, I believe, in Congress. The Attorney General has been objected to for his faith—but it happens to be the same as that of the last of the immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence. Surely the faith in which Charles Carroll lived and died, should not be a reproach to Mr. Taney, nor an objection to Mr. Kavanagh. A Catholic *Charge* may with great propriety be sent to a Catholic Court. This gentleman, I understand, was educated at Montreal—speaks several modern languages, and has travelled considerably in foreign countries. I suppose the opposition will hardly apply the rule they made in Gwynn's case, because Mr. K. may be 'nominated to an office out of his State.' [Argus.]

*Anecdote of Louis the Eighteenth.* At the period of the Restoration, the Duc de—, one of the most confidential servants of Napoleon, became attached to the Royal Household. "Before I admit you into my secrets, my dear Duke," said the King, in honoring him with a first private audience, at the Tuileries, "you must favor me with a few years in exchange. Pray how did you manage to obtain such correct intelligence of my proceedings during my sojourn at Milan and Verona? Why, was the fellow that so far violated his trust, as to afford to the Emperor intelligence of all that was passing in my household?" "The Yeomen and Milan affairs, Sire, were before my time," replied the Duke: "but at Hartwell, I am under the necessity of avowing that we obtained all our information through the treachery of Duc D'Aumont." "Not a bit!" cried his Majesty, laughing heartily. D'Aumont and I were both very poor. He received £400 per annum out of the £2,000 which you used to forward to him so regularly, as the price of the secret information with which we favored you in return, but the balance was paid over to me!" The confusion of the new Minister may readily be conceived.

Clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature; any mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold or silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it debaseth it; for these winding and crooked causes are the goings of the Serpent; which goeth basely on the belly and not upon the feet.

There is many a good wife that can't sing and dance well.



# OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, FEBRUARY 26, 1834.

**MILITIA.**—We perceive by the proceedings of our Legislature that we are to be favored with a new law on this subject. Not having had an opportunity of examining the provisions of the new act we cannot express an opinion upon its merits, but judging from past experience on the subject we fear that it may not be absolutely perfect. It is well known that this subject has been under consideration for ten years past and that repeated alterations have been made in its provisions. But from some cause or other military service has become more and more irksome and unpopular each year. Much diversity of opinion as to the cause of this has prevailed among the citizens and various remedies for the evil have been proposed. The true source of the difficulty we believe to be this. The soldiers have become impatient of the labor and expense to which they have been subjected in the performance of a duty which all feel to be irksome and many consider useless. This feeling gradually became so strong that it was necessary to yield something to its demands. Accordingly the alterations made in the laws for many years past, professed to have for the object in view the relief of the soldier, & however heterodox the opinion may be deemed we consider the last law (before the present) on the subject to be the best for the people of any that have been passed. In what respect the new law differs from that we do not know. But we do know that that law was very unacceptable to the officers, that they were loud in the remonstrances against it, and they have used their utmost exertions to procure its repeal. It is not to be denied that the feelings of the officers and soldiers are in opposition to each other, in reference to the amount of service to be required. The soldiers feeling it to be a burden and many deeming it to be an useless one are for escaping from so much of it as possible. On the other hand the officers are anxious that the amount of service formerly required should not be diminished. In framing laws on this subject the officers have decidedly the advantage. The subject is referred to a Committee of Officers to report a bill and there is generally enough of the *esprit du corps* to support it. Taking our Legislature together you will find a very small portion who do duty in the ranks as common soldiers. This in our opinion is the true secret why the legislation heretofore had on this subject has been so unsatisfactory and unpopular. We do not mean by these remarks to find fault with the new law, for we have not yet seen it.

The Bank presses continue to exult in the distresses of the country and are laboring strenuously to increase the panic and magnifying the alarm. They tell the people that if they are unable to collect their dues or to pay their debts or if they are in want of money they may thank Andrew Jackson for it. Whoever suffers trouble or distress no matter from what cause, whether from misfortune or his own misconduct it must all be attributed to the removal of the deposits; and the true remedy for all the "ills flesh is heir to" is the restoration of the same deposits and the recharter of the Bank. Thus many are induced to petition Congress for this purpose, when if their request were granted they might find, that they had been made the dupes of designing politicians. Let Congress act upon this question and sustain the President in the course he has taken, which the people approve, and the agitation will subside, confidence will be restored and an end will be put to the scenes got up for political effect.

How provoking it must be to the Bank editors to find that those whom they have ruined in their papers and from whose failures they were congratulating themselves with a fresh supply of distress, won't stay ruined. Knowers of Albany whose failure was hailed with much delight by the opposition, he being related to Gov. Marcy and Mr. Van Buren, turns out to be worth, after paying his debts some four or five hundred thousand dollars. The Messrs. Allens of New York from whose failure the happiest effects and most extensive distress was anticipated by these same patriotic editors, show a balance in their favor of about half a million. Jewett & Mudge, Colman & Holden & Co. have resumed their payments to the great mortification and chagrin of the Bank presses.

Except one or two days, we have had warm and pleasant weather during the whole of this month. During the whole of this time we have not been visited with a storm of rain or snow of more than a few hours duration. This

spring like weather has carried off most of the snow, so that the travelling has become very uncomfortable. Should it continue thus warm we shall have an earlier spring than has been known for many years.

## Legislature of Maine.

FOURTEENTH SESSION.

IN SENATE.

Tuesday, Feb. 18. The Resolve in favor of Silas Barnard was read and referred to the Committee on Claims. A communication from the Governor transmitting the Report of Reuel Williams, late Commissioner of Public Buildings, late referred.

Bill to increase the toll on a bridge over Wild river in Gilead was taken up. Some enquiries were made about it, and a motion was made to postpone it indefinitely. It appeared that the bridge was over a small stream which at times rose very high in freshets: that several bridges had been swept away: that the town had a very small population and could not build a free bridge: that the bridge had been formerly made by subscription, but when repairs were necessary tolls were established: that the bridge was carried away last year, and must be rebuilt at the expense of 3,500 or more: that increased tolls are necessary to meet the expense. Messrs. Brown, Tobin, and Emmons opposed it, the former at considerable length. He argued that the bridge ought to be free: that a great number of towns had more expensive bridges to maintain, and that the multiplication of toll bridges was altogether wrong.

The motion to postpone indefinitely was however negatived 13 to 5, and the bill was ordered to a second reading. Resolve in favor of the town of Baileyville was taken up. This resolve gives that town \$1000 to aid in making its part of the Baring and Houlton road, 9 miles of which runs through the town. The number of inhabitants is small, only five framed houses in town, and their portion of the road upwards of seven thousand dollars, equal to 5 per cent of their whole valuation.

Some discussion followed. Mr. Tobin asked if this town was east of the Penobscot river. Being answered it was on the Schoodic. Then said he there can be no doubt that it ought to pass: it is east of Penobscot river that is enough. The rule which seemed to prevail here was to give nothing for any road, bridge, or improvement unless it was east of the Penobscot river.

Mr. Porter moved to postpone the resolve indefinitely, and after the reading of the petition his motion prevailed. Subsequently, however, Mr. Chandler came in and wished the subject reconsidered. Mr. Rogers moved a reconsideration which was agreed to, and the bill was laid on the table.

Wednesday, Feb. 19. The Militia Bill came from the House further amended. The Senate receded from their vote passing said Bill: to be engrossed, adopted the amendments proposed by the House, and passed it to be engrossed as amended.

A message was received from the House informing the Senate that the House had elected on their part Alvan Bolster, Major General of the Sixth Division of the Militia.

Resolve providing for the purchase of the two first volumes of the Laws of Maine, was read a second time, and the question was on passing it to be engrossed.

The subject was further discussed by Messrs. Emmons, Pierce and Groton, and decided in the affirmative.

Thursday, Feb. 20. Agreeably to assignment, the Senate proceeded to the choice of Major General of the sixth Division. The whole number of votes given in was 16. Alvan Bolster had 14, Philo Clark 1, and 1 blank.

## HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Tuesday, Feb. 18. On motion of Mr. Prince of Turner, to-morrow at 11 o'clock was assigned for the choice of Major General of the 6th division of the Militia of Maine.

Bill additional respecting salaries of Judges and Registers of Probate was read twice and to-morrow assigned.

Wednesday, Feb. 19. The House on motion of Mr. Bronson, then proceeded to the election of Major General of the sixth division of the Militia of Maine. Messrs. Pierce, Weeks, Lake, Dumont and Spaulding were appointed a Committee to receive, sort and count the votes of the House. Having attended that duty, they reported as follows:—Whole number of votes 153—necessary to an election 77. Alvan Bolster has 108—Oaks Turner has 14—Philo Clark 7—Major Jack Downing 3—Mr. Frost of Standish 3—Mark L. Chase 2—Virgil D. Parris 2—Job Prince 2—Mr. Clifford 1—Edmund Pillsbury 1—Sylvester Clapp 1—Ebenezer Knowlton 1—David Crockett 1—America Thayer 1—Elisha Strout 1—Blanks 5. The report was accepted and ALVAN BOLSTER accordingly declared elected on the part of the House.

Thursday, Feb. 20. Resolve authorizing a loan of \$50,000 in behalf of the State, at a rate of interest not exceeding 6 per cent, to be repaid after five years, at the pleasure of the State, was taken up.

Mr. Cilley moved to amend, by striking out six per cent, and insert five per cent.—adopted. Mr. Washburn moved to amend by striking out the words, "after five years," which motion he afterwards modified so as to intend thereof

"after one year." Some debate occurred on this question, and it was finally rejected. The resolve then passed to be engrossed.

Resolve providing for amendments to the constitution of the State, in relation to the time of holding the annual sessions of the Legislature and the annual State elections, was taken up. The question on passing it to be engrossed was taken by yeas and nays, Yeas 118, Nays 44. A question of order arose upon the construction of that clause of the Constitution defining the number of votes necessary to pass the Resolve, the consideration of which was, on motion of Mr. Cillar with the consent of the Chair, postponed till Tuesday next. A more full account of the proceedings on this subject together with the Yeas and Nays, which were compelled to omit to day, shall appear in our next.

[FROM THE ARGUS.]

Washington City, Feb. 11, 1834.

Dear Sir,—The business of the House of Representatives was suspended in an instant this day, and an adjournment ordered. Mr. Bouldin, of Virginia, the successor of Mr. Randolph, had the floor to address the House upon the deposite question. Mr. Randolph had been elected to the present Congress, but died and created the vacancy filled by Mr. Bouldin. A colleague of Mr. B. (Mr. Wise) in addressing the House some days since, alluded to Mr. Randolph's death, and remarked that although he had been elected a member of this Congress, his death had not been announced upon the floor. He then proceeded in a panegyric upon Mr. R.'s character.

On taking the floor to day, Mr. Bouldin, alluded to the fact—or "rebutte" of himself, as he termed it, involved in Mr. Wise's remarks. He said his colleague had not seen fit to advise with him in relation to it—that he Mr. B. had stated certain reasons which he (Mr. B.) would feel bound to assign for not having announced Mr. Randolph's death, and that these reasons he must assign "when he should do that thing." Here Mr. Bouldin hesitated, and trembled more than the weakness of age would seem to indicate. As I was sitting near by him, with a full view of his face, I remarked to one of his colleagues, "He is extremely agitated." But his enunciation was still distinct, strong and clear. He cast his head round, (yet stood erect,) and seemed to speak as if in an under tone to one near by. I know not that that he did so. He collected himself again, and proceeded slowly and distinctly as follows:—"I will now state to the House the reasons why I did not announce Mr. Randolph's death." With the utterance of the last word in a strong tone, I saw a convulsive throes of his chest, as if the vital fibre within had that instant severed! He threw up his head and it fell back upon his shoulders. He sallied in a sidelong direction from the aisle in which he was standing, and fell into the arms of Mr. Archer, of Virginia. No word—no groan—no sigh, did he utter. I rose upon my feet instantly, and saw again the face which but a moment before was pallid, crimsoned as the burning fire coal! I could not doubt the result—he was a dead man!

He was immediately taken to a window of the area in the rear of the members' seat, and an attempt was made to take blood from the arm and other parts. But it was in vain—the vital energy had gone—he was a dead man! Quick as the motion of instinct—prompt and faithful as woman's affections once secured forever after, Mrs. Bouldin left the gallery of the House, where she was seated, and heard the last manly tones of her husband, and appeared before the lifeless corpse. Too soon—too soon did the solemn truth rush upon her—and she shrieked aloud in tones that could not but pierce every other heart in that extensive hall—"Oh, my God—I am a widow!" With these strong ejaculations of grief, too sudden and overwhelming for tears to aid, she was led, half falling and half resisting, from the painful scene. I then drew near to the lifeless body, to see if death, in his hurried sweep had left a remnant of animation there. But no—the vacant aspect of death was triumphant over every part. And yet no contortion of countenance, nor of a muscle was perceptible. The eyelids stood as death had seized upon them, and no part of the small, yet full round eye which had given so much expression to the yet recent living countenance. But the glassy and fixed stare of those eyes, was as much unlike living expression now, as their quick and communicative motion and animation but a few minutes before, were unlike the cold, repulsive, vacant stare of death.

After a short period he was taken into an adjoining room, to which I did not follow him. At about the same time the melancholy event was announced to the Senate, and that body forthwith adjourned.

[FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.]

Washington, Feb. 8, 1833.—It is Saturday—nay, Saturday night; and I am glad of it. It has been a stormy week—politically; and not very fair, elementally; certainly it has been a "time to try men's soles," and ladies' too. But it has past; and we shall not see it again—which I am very sorry for; for there were many bright spots in it.

I think we have had somewhat of a crisis for the week past—a crisis of ebullition on the part of the opposition. Mr. Clay has ranted several times, till he became quite rabid; but he takes care to bite nobody present, though he snaps now and then at the Vice President. When he begins to exhibit the premonitory symptoms of hydrophobia—which is only considered dangerous by the cold-water society here—a lad immediately brings him a tumbler of Adams' ale, and the Honorable Senator from Kentucky inconspicuously pops a lump of loaf sugar into it. It don't seem to sweeten his disposition at all, any more than so much gin-sling would. It is, nevertheless, very pleasant to hear his musical voice, whoever, or whatever, he may be talking about. Nobody suffers but himself; and nobody comes to his relief in his paroxysms; though when Mr. Webster is taken ill, at any Samaritan, with a dose of hartshorn, or an oil flask, to administer to his relief.

One cannot but remark, how habitually cool the Administration Senators keep; and how systematically hot, the opposition. I caught a winter, by placing myself improvidently one day this week, on a settee, just in rear of the opposition; and then leaving the Senate Chamber without cooling myself in the temperate atmosphere of our side. When I went out, it being rather misty weather, I sizzled like a loggerhead in a mug of flip, (do I spell it right; I have quite forgotten how it tastes—apple toddy and egg-nog are all the go here) and had a tertian ague before I got home. As you have learnt before this, the "orders of the day" were passed over once or twice, so that they did not come till the

presence chamber, they would have forgotten their loss in the rival charms, and beauty, and splendor, that surrounded them. The venerable Chief, OLD ORLEANS, towering in the midst, imparted and received a thousand heart-warm grasps of hands. It was transporting to witness the homage so well deserved—the well-remembered, so gratefully acknowledged.

How shall I describe the scene? It was a living sea of animated billows! casting up its hidden treasures of pearl and coral, and gems and jewels—tossed by the winds, and glittering beneath the moonbeams! And yet the halcyon's nest floated calmly upon its bosom. Here the star of honor sparkled upon the breast of the Ambassador; there the golden epaulette glittered from the shoulder of the Officer; here the pearl wreath strove to rival the fairer brow—the ruby, a rubier lip—the diamond, a brighter eye; there the cornelian borrowed from a damask cheek, a deeper hue; the gossamer floated round a lighter form—the light plume nodded o'er a lighter heart! It was an oriental carnival without its masks—even the opposition could not mask their delight—political prejudice, like a Turkish supper, was left at the threshold; those who could not come themselves, for pouring over the deep "distress" of their country, sent their fair representatives, their better halves—their treasures, their fair daughters. Ladies are never in the opposition, when mirth and joy and delight and festivity bear rule. They ask no sounder currency than happy hearts can coin for them; and no better mode of exchange, than that of hearts and hands at par—which will soon rise them above *par*! and probably to *ma*! Heigho! in these cabinet councils of love, I fear they don't always ask their daddy's advice—do you think they do, Mr. Duane? I only ask you—to give my opinion; so you need not sum up with a sermon or manifesto. To leave the sheep, and go back to the subject—

The order of the evening was constant motion, promencing the long, splendid, gorgeous, and much celebrated "East Room;" and constant conversation, introductions and salutations. The etiquette is, if married ladies take any arm but their husbands, after being presented; so that it would be more puzzling to tell who their husbands were, than to decide that case in scripture where the lady married three brothers; the damsels, if affianced, flirt with some Damons who are free; if they are not, they oggle some youth whose faith is pledged, and strive to rival his mistress with their charms; or perhaps take the arm of some sober husband, striving to excite in the bosom of the wife, dancing upon a bachelor's arm, that quiet passion that "makes the meat it feeds on;" and causing her, like camelion,

"To look before and after," with one eye upon her gallant, and the other turned back upon her husband. I'll be sworn, nobody saw such things but me. And why! I roamed with both arms free; and heart free too; nothing but eyes and ears, and now and then at intervals, my tongue engaged.

It was a splendid scene! would I could paint it. It was a joyous scene! would I could dream of it—but some hag of Endor would strangle the vision. It was a happy scene! would I could garner it up in the heart—but it would soon fester there; or in the memory—but it would soon be lost and buried beneath the lumber of sad realities. As it is, I leave but a scroll of it, which the next idle wind will waft away to the realms of oblivion.

REIS EFFENDI.

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next day or two—and I came near being "laid on the table," much to my aversion, in these times of "distress."

Well, as I was going to say, if I had not cotched cold, Mr. Clay called up his Resolutions on "Cash Duties" on Thursday, I think; and yesterday they called forth quite an animated debate. The tables were quite turned upon him; he wanted to relieve the poor importers; and quite forgot if they paid their duties, the money would be most likely to get into the hands of the poor tradesman, and mechanic, and laborer, through the discounts from the pelbanks!

A memorial was presented from some ward of the city of New York, and another from the interior, discarding most piteously of "distress," and "pressure;" upon which Mr. Clay made a speech, commencing with, he "rejoiced to hear such a voice from the people." I always had a suspicion that the apposition rejoiced at the "voice of distress;" but I did not think them silly enough openly to acknowledge and avow it. It is only the old "war, pestilence and famine" prayer, stereotyped!

The Executive business still lingers before the Senate; but Mr. Webster promised yesterday that it should be settled on Monday, if Judge Wilkins would give way for the nineteenth time, and conclude his speech on Tuesday.

The Appropriation Bill, I believe, is finally fixed, settled, determined, concluded, and finished; after being settled, as I understood, nearly a fortnight since.

The House, to-day, commenced its Saturday sessions; which will continue till they rise; the Senate next will follow suit; if the opposition are not so much engaged in acts of benevolence, as not to be able to spare Saturdays.

The nomination of Mr. Kavenagh, of Maine, as *Charge d' Affairs* at Naples, is said to be on the tapis. He stands high at home as a man of talents—and high here in the confidence of the Cabinet. He is the only Catholic, I believe, in Congress. The Attorney General has been objected to for his faith; but it happens to be the same as that of the last of the immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence. Surely the faith in which Charles Carroll lived and died, should not be a reproach to Mr. Taney, nor an objection to Mr. Kavenagh. A Catholic Charge will with great propriety be sent to a Catholic Court. This gentleman, I understand, was educated at Montreal—speaks several modern languages, and has travelled considerably in foreign countries. I suppose the opposition will hardly apply the rule they made in Gwin's case, because Mr. K. may be "nominated to an office out of his State."

R. 13 EFFENDI.

## REMARKS OF MR. LYTLE, OF OHIO.

In the House of Representatives, Feb. 3, 1834.—On the motion to refer the memorial from the merchants of New York to the Committee of Ways and Means.

MR. LYTLE said, he could not forego the opportunities afforded at this time of expressing his will to go hand in hand, with the gentleman from Georgia and Virginia, (Messrs. Wilde and Patton,) in making a thorough investigation of this whole subject. He rejoiced, with the gentleman from Virginia, to find it emanating from a quarter so unexpected, and yet so welcome, as the gentleman from Georgia. If he had correctly understood that gentleman, however, he seemed to despair of the success of that or any similar proposition—and rather tauntingly intimated, that there were those here, who were more disposed to smother than expose the truth. Mr. L. could assure the gentleman from Georgia that for one, he was prepared to go all lengths with him, upon this crusade after truth. He was unwilling, however, when he did start, to be deterred or diverted from his object by side way difficulties or subjects of minor importance. He was for a search that should stop short of nothing but a complete and radical knowledge of the disease complained of, and as an evidence of his wishes and intentions on this subject, he had simultaneously with the honorable member from Tennessee, (Mr. Polk,) prepared an amendment to the amendment of the gentleman from Georgia, which in the event of its adoption would connect with it the power to send for the books and papers of the Bank of the United States, and the officers of that institution, and further to make a thorough examination into all its branches and respective agencies. It was such an investigation only as would content him, or satisfy the just demands and expectations of the country.

Sir, said Mr. L. I admit the distress that pervades the whole country—I am far from denying the existence of a great pecuniary pressure upon the people. But who sir, is the author of these evils? Who has produced and is now producing an extension of these disasters? What great invisible and potent agency is at work in this suddenly striking us with this afflicting panic? Is it the Government of the United States or the government of the Bank? I say sir, with the gentleman from Georgia, let us have the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If any functionality of this government, has dared to transcend the high and sacred trusts confided to him by this nation, and by the experience of an unconstitutional and high-handed power has produced this deep distress complained of, let the door of inquiry be thrown so widely open as by the ascertainment of the fact, he may be made to answer for the bold offence at the bar of this House. But if, on the other hand, we shall find this Bank the foul aggressor—if she has produced this great clamor, and got up this excitement,



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if she who was brought into life, for the purpose of affording facilities to the government, and relief to the people, has with unhalloved purpose erected herself into an engine of torture and oppression, and precipitated, as we are told, the whole country to the very brink of bankruptcy, it is high time that the people should know it, that we should exhibit her unmasked deformity—that the veil should be torn from her odious and distorted features, and she exposed to the scornful gaze of an insulted and indignant community.

Sir, let those shrink who dread the trial—I will vouch, that no government officer will shun the ordeal. But gentlemen cry out for time: now is the accursed moment, there should be no delay, they tell us; and the question must be tried, on this lame, confused, and half made up issue. No sir, it should be a distinct and isolated proposition. It has merit enough to stand alone, and disconnected with the subject immediately before us. If gentlemen are in earnest—if they really desire a full and fair inquiry, they must be assured, that it cannot be made in season to meet the present and pressing emergencies, which they tell us the country is now under. A year of hard labor and close inquiry will be too short a time to examine and disclose the truth as it should be disclosed. Let, then, this memorial take the usual direction, and go where every other like document has gone, to the Committee of Ways and Means; who have the matter complained of, directly before them, and whose report upon all the information they may possess, will enable them to point out some immediate remedy that will be adequate to the present difficulty. By any other course, they will only accumulate misery, and extend the period of its infliction.

I am at a loss, Mr. Speaker, said Mr. L., to discover why this memorial, large and long as is the list of its subscribers, and however elevated their standing in community, should pass by the Standing Committee of Ways and Means, where its fellows are lodged, and claim the pre-eminence of a special committee to investigate its claims. It states no new facts; it embodies no new arguments, to give such a precedence. Why, then, depart from the settled usage of the House, and take it from the standing committee who have before them similar appeals from all sections of the country, to gratify a small portion of the people of this Union by a special reference to another body? Sir, to the whole mercantile community, as well as the merchants of New York, I am willing to accord the homage of my respect. They are entitled to the unqualified regard and attention of this House, especially upon a matter like this, so deeply interesting to them, as to constitute the very basis of their whole business transactions. Yet, sir, they are at last nothing more than citizens, having no stronger rights, or higher claims, than any other class of our community; and strong, and influential, and talented, and enterprising, as they are, they form but a meager fraction of the empire State—that State which, through her Legislature, elected with reference to this very question, and concentrating the will of its entire population, had expressed itself entirely adverse to the views of these memorialists. I ask not which voice is entitled to the more regard, that which emanates from the mere *clans* of a single city, or that which comes from the great mass of the people of a whole State, through the medium of her Legislature instructed to utter it. But the memorial of this body has gone to the Committee of Ways and Means, while the merchants call on us for a special committee. Sir, they are entitled to no such preference; and permit me to add, that by insisting, at this time, on the amendment proposed, gentlemen only add to the difficulties complained of, and increase the hazard of a prompt alleviation. Let them start at the right time, and go forward in the right manner, and they will accomplish their commission. We are charged, said Mr. L., with skulking from an investigation; with a disposition to procrastinate, to prevent the settlement of the question. Not so, sir. The charge is utterly groundless; it recoils upon those who make it the instant you refer to the history of this debate. The delay in this matter cannot with truth be lodged at our door. But I am rejoiced to find some, who differ with me in other matters, are prepared for action on this. Let us agree to investigate, and the culprits will soon be found.

The gentleman who has so eloquently advocated this memorial, endeavored to set forth the benefits of the United States Bank, and to show that the currency called for by the memorial offered the only remedy for the present distress. He then endeavored to show, that through the medium of that institution, a sound currency has been established, and repudiated the idea of its being offensive or dangerous, as a political institution. He regarded it, on the contrary, as harmless and inoffensive; and as an argument against its mischievous capacity in a political aspect, he illustrated the position by a most extraordinary chain of reasoning. He referred to the Presidential election. He admits that the issue was fairly made between the Bank and the President, before the people, and that because the people *voted* the Bank, therefore the Bank was not a dangerous, or political institution, and ought to be rechartered. Why, sir, it would be difficult to determine whether the gentleman was entitled to more credit for his candid admission or his logical conclusions. The Bank taking the field against the President, at a national election, and because it got beat, was no political institution? or if so, by no means dangerous, because the people, forsooth in very late, pronounced its doom, by electing its opponent. (I need not say, sir, by how large a vote.) It was overwhelming. Little

did they dream, sir, that soon it would take the field again, when so recently they rebuked its presumption at the polls.

But, Mr. Speaker, the Committee of Ways and Means have been ruthlessly assailed for the honest discharge of their duty, in suggesting that theirs was the appropriate body to which this paper should be sent, and the disposition to assail that committee has displayed itself not unfrequently in this session. Why, sir, it is a sorry compliment to the Chair, and to this House, that a committee thus chosen should be subjected to such low scurrility. I am not sir, so well skilled in parliamentary rule as to decide how far it may be consonant with its privileges, but assuredly the remarks made on this subject by the gentleman from Kentucky, (Mr. Hardin,) are adverse to the common usages of good breeding and gentlemanly conduct.

But that gentleman did not end here. Not content with venting his wrath upon the Committee of Ways and Means, and especially the Chairman of that Committee, he has, as the champion of the Bank, pronounced its eulogium, and given it absolution from all sin, and laid at the door of the venerable Chief Magistrate of our country the whole load of censure for this pecuniary pressure upon the people. All this might have been overlooked; but in terms of bitter sarcasm and derision he speaks of "this Father of his Country" wishing to unite in his own hands the power of the sword and the purse to prostrate the liberties of his country. Oh shame, where is thy blush! Andrew Jackson turn "despot" and "usurper" in his old age! and who from the very infancy, as it were, until the snows of nearly three score years and ten had whitened his honored head, had presented a life of constant peril and patriotic devotion to his country, with the evidences of his attachment sealed by the free outpouring of his blood: that such a man, in the chill winter of his life, should be denounced by a statesman in the councils of his country as a tyrant and a monster still grasping after power, and aiming to overthrow the liberties of a people he had perilled every thing to defend. Jackson betray his country, sir? He who, at a time when there was room enough for skulking, declared to his own little army that his own body should "perish in the last ditch" before the foot of the proud and brutal invader should pollute the soil which he defended. He whose sleepless energy, and unflinching patriotism, threw around the besieged city a protecting barrier that was a wall of fire to the foe, and a safe sanctuary to its terrified inmates from the violence of a brutal soldiery. He who, when the battle had been won, when the shouts of victory were still pealing in his ears, covered with laurels, that were yet bright and verdant with the tears of gratitude from a redeemed people, surrounded by the gleaming sabres, and glistening bayonets of his victorious troops, in the heat of victory and in the hour of triumph, this *usurping chief*, this bold and lawless despot, walked into your hall of justice—and with calm submission to the civil authority, paid from his own pocket a fine of one thousand dollars, (for which to this hour he has received no remuneration,) for the sin of employing the only earthly means allowed him of saving the city, in which he stood, from sack and pillage! But this is your "usurper!" And now, when all is his that mortal could desire, to soften the asperities of a long and toilsome life, in his rapidly declining passage to the tomb, struggling as ever, to give his last energies to vindicate the laws, and bring back his countrymen to the strict observance of the true principles of constitutional liberty. Alone in this world, which he must soon exchange for a better—in the tameness of his age, with his blood kept warm only by the undying fires of an unextinguishable patriotism. The venerable patriot—the Head of our Government, witless and childless, ay, without even the apology which might be presumed to influence one governed by the hope of lineal succession. This is the man, that sage and upright patriot tells us, is the "usurper of the laws—the invader of our Constitution, and the enemy of his country!"

Can such things be, And overcome us like a summer cloud, Without our special wonder? Ah, sir! I can tell the gentleman whose fears of the tyrant Jackson have so alarmed him—that to find the true tyrant he must change his venue. He must look elsewhere for the despot the people have to dread. I would commend him to the good city of Penn, if he seeks to find a tyrant in our country. There is none existing in the *Ten Miles Square*. Such thoughts dwell not in the bosom of that *old man*, who the gentleman sneeringly tells us, "has filled the measure of his country's glory." No, sir, I am wrong—he repeats this as the language of the heroes' sycophants, his parasites and flatterers. Does the gentleman know the real author of this sentiment? Sir, I will tell him that it was the sage of Monticello—the great apostle of constitutional liberty, the sainted Jefferson. But alas, sir, for poor humanity, abuse, and calumny, and revilement have ever the tax imposed on genuine greatness. "Detraction ever loves a lofty mark." It has ever been the province of envy to bring down to the degradation of its own level, those elevated above its reach. Why, sir, Washington had his enemies—Jefferson his revilers—and how can the patriot Jackson hope to escape. Sir, he has been threatened with the danger of the assassin, but die when he may, or how he may—grief from the heart of every patriot will lament his death, and tears from the eye of gratitude will moisten his tomb.

Why are duellists opposed to the march of mind. Because they fire at the understanding. The Report of the Committee of Finance, in the Senate of the U. States, on the reasons assigned by the Secretary of the Treasury for removing the deposits of the public money from the Bank of the U. States, has come to hand, and appeared in several of the city papers of yesterday. Its great length prevents the publication of it in our columns. It is said to be the production of Mr. Webster, chairman of the committee who reported it. We have read it with a good deal of care, and we must confess with not a little disappointment. From Mr. Webster's great name, and acknowledged talents, we expected something above the ordinary standard—but unless we greatly deceive ourselves, this falls much below mediocrity. We advise people to read it, if they can muster patience, and then decide upon the correctness of our judgment.

#### MR. WEBSTER'S REPORT.

The Report of the Committee of Finance, in the Senate of the U. States, on the reasons assigned by the Secretary of the Treasury for removing the deposits of the public money from the Bank of the U. States, has come to hand, and appeared in several of the city papers of yesterday. Its great length prevents the publication of it in our columns. It is said to be the production of Mr. Webster, chairman of the committee who reported it. We have read it with a good deal of care, and we must confess with not a little disappointment. From Mr. Webster's great name, and acknowledged talents, we expected something above the ordinary standard—but unless we greatly deceive ourselves, this falls much below mediocrity. We advise people to read it, if they can muster patience, and then decide upon the correctness of our judgment.

The Charter of the Bank says that the money of the United States in places where the Bank or its Branches are located, shall be deposited in them "unless the Secretary of the Treasury shall at any time otherwise order and direct," in which case he shall report his reasons to Congress.—The effort of Mr. Webster is to show, that the whole extent of this unlimited power given to the Secretary by law, means only to authorize him to remove the Deposites Bank—and that as those funds were safe with the Bank, the Secretary had no authority under the law to—these are his words—

"The committee, therefore, are of opinion that it was not the intention of the Legislature to give to the Secretary of the Treasury a general guardianship over the public interests in all matters connected with the Bank; but that his power is a limited one, and is confined to the safety, and the proper management of that portion of the public interest to which it expressly relates; that is to say, to the public moneys deposited in the Bank."

Mr. Webster travels through more than three columns of sophistry, quibbling, and legal chicanery of argument, mis-quoting the Secretary's sentiments to arrive at this predetermined conclusion—a conclusion to which few of the common sense men of the country, who earn the money paid to the government, and deposited with Mr. Biddle, will give their assent.

Mr. Webster, like a regular advocate, justified the conduct of the Bank in toto—the corruption, in buying up presses, circulating political tracts—its exchange committee, and all. We shall not, however, follow him over that ground; public opinion is settled on those points and we are sure that all the arguments that all the Bank Attorneys in both houses could make in its favor, would not do away existing impressions.

Mr. Webster, in sounding the praises and proclaiming the virtues of the Bank, makes the following statement illustrative certainly of the profundity of his financial knowledge:—"No paper circulation, so far as the committee know, which ever appeared in the world, has approached nearer to the value of specie currency than the notes and bills of the Bank of the United States. To the State banks these notes and bills have performed the office of specie. All the State Banks have discounted upon the possession of them, with the same freedom and boldness as they would have done on an equal amount of the precious metals."

All State Banks have discounted on the possession of the United States Bank bills, as tho' they had an equal amount of the precious metals.—Indeed! What an important fact! What a wonderful discovery? none but the eye of a Godlike could have kenneled it! But do not the State Banks discount in the same way when they have bills of other State Banks in their possession! Nay, suppose that the U. States Bank, were to have in its possession an hundred thousand dollars of bills, on the Massachusetts Bank, the State Bank, the Commonwealth Bank, the Globe Bank or any other State Bank, does the sagacious Mr. Webster suppose that the Bank of the United States would not discount upon them, "with the same freedom and boldness, as it would do if it had an equal amount of the precious metals?"

We have not time nor room for further comment now. In fact, the report will carry with it its own antidote. It has not merit sufficient to entitle it to criticism. We have been induced to notice it simply from the great and deserved reputation of its author; but we are sure that in point of merit, this is the feeblest of Mr. Webster's acknowledged productions, that we have seen. It falls even beneath his Worcester speech, of which, we suppose, the Honorable Senator is not over proud. If Mr. Webster's friends are content to praise and admire this new production of his genius, legal knowledge, literary taste, and *financial skill*, we are sure the friends of the administration, who constitute the great mass of the American people, will not envy them their judgment or their taste. [Boston Post.

#### MR. RUSH'S LETTER.

In reply to an invitation to attend a public meeting of the citizens of the third Congressional District, Philadelphia, opposed to the U. S. Bank:

Sydenham, Philad. County, }  
January 29, 1834.

Gentlemen:—I have just now received your letter of this date, written in behalf of a number of the citizens of the Philadelphia third Congressional District, expressing their wish, that I should give my attendance at the meeting to be held this evening, at the Commissioners' Hall, N. L. and express my views in relation to the U. S. Bank, the removal of the public deposits, and the constitutional power of the President in the matter, and have to regret my inability through other engagements to be present.

But I am flattered at the expression of such a wish on the part of this portion of my fellow citizens, about to assemble in public meeting in a district of which I am also myself a resident and voter; and, unimportant as I would otherwise have supposed my views to be, I will with your permission, take the liberty of stating them in this form, though I can only do so briefly.

On a call of some of my fellow citizens last autumn I expressed my opinions on this same subject, under the several aspects which your letter presents, and nothing has occurred to change it. On the contrary, further and careful examination have strengthened me in all its grounds. I stood at the time, chiefly upon the evidence brought to light by the President, of the Bank having employed and paid the press large sums to work out its own ends, the money being in part taken from the public coffers—an abuse which I hold to have been the most unwarrantable in its way, of any ever before known in our annals. What have we from the corporation since? Truly its own confession of act, and that it glories in it! The President's constitutional Veto, it likens in effect, to an attack upon its character, resembling that which counterfeiters make upon its notes, and claims to strike back with a weapon bought up with the public money, in the one case, as it would frame indictments and carry on prosecutions in the other!

Gentlemen, there is an enormity in the whole course of the bank on this single point, apart from all others, upon which I am now to expatiate, though it is alive with thoughts that are of deep public concern. There are, I know, orators and statesmen among us—high and famous men—who turn from it in real or assumed disdain, as something too small for notice; but to my mind it is big with principles and results transcending in immediate and permanent importance the currency question, or any other to which the removal of the deposits, or non-renewal of the charter has given rise. I must ask your excuse for the allusion, my principles requiring it; but if, notwithstanding the many pure and honorable minded masons that there are in the world, I sincerely believe the Masonic Institution to be productive of public mischief and in nothing more than its power over the press—what am I to think of a moneyed corporation, wielding funds larger than the revenues of this nation, that tells the nation to its face that it will spend as much as it pleases on the Press, and deal with the President as it would deal with felons? I have barely time to say, go on with your patriotic work of extirpating such a corporation. Show it no quarter that honorable hostility does not demand. In such a warfare with it, I am with you heart and hand.

The greater its operation upon the interests of the community, the greater the necessity, under the proved abuses of its power, for its overthrow. Should it get the upper hand now it will become a perpetual adjunct to the nation, ready to renew and aggravate its worst usurpations. No matter what the present evils of its downfall; endure, *court* them all, before coming under such a master. Copy the 6th Resolution of the public spirited citizens of Southwark, adopted in public meeting last week; it is in the true tone; treasury notes—continental money—anything rather than let the Bank get its foot upon your neck in this conflict. That the President has the full constitutional power to act as he has done in removing the deposits I have never had the slightest doubt; but breathe out your exhortations to the House of Representatives. Your great hope at this moment lies in firmness there. From the Senate you have nothing to hope.—And what was there to hope from the same body in the most memorable seasons of President Madison's administration?—Nothing. The war itself, even for so terrible an outrage as imprisonment, would not have been waged, or its glories secured, but for the popular impulse that encouraged and sustained him, against the open opposition or secret embarrassments which that branch of Congress was disposed to throw in his way.

The people, the House of Representatives, and the President, triumphed then, as I trust they will now. "Madison's war," that "wicked war," was more fiercely assailed at that day, than the removal of the deposits at this; some of his opponents were for sending him to Elba, to share Bonaparte's prison—others would have brought him to the block; all raised the cry of injury to the country, in frightful amount and in every way—public and individual distress—desolation;—such were the unceasing and confident predictions. Those who survived the passionate exaggerations of the one epoch, may hope to so of the other; even to reap a harvest not less abundant in ultimate advantage. This, gentlemen, I am sure, must be your hope, as it is mine; and as far as I can see into the future it is a hope resting upon rational and solid foundations. There is in our history, now and then a close analogy to the history of the late Reform question in England, when the people, the House of Commons, and the King, were on the opposite sides of the House of Peers; and the general movement in both cases being against that branch of the Legislature remote from popular responsibility, in the one by hereditary tenure, and the other by tenure for six years. Reciprocating the assurances of friendly respect which your kind communication to me breathes,

I remain your fellow citizen,  
RICHARD RUSH.

The Deposits. The subject of the public Deposits, continues to occupy the almost undivided attention of Congress. We think the discussion has already been prolonged to an unparadonable length. How can confidence be restored—how can the present excitement be

allayed—how can the pecuniary difficulties that are said to embarrass the country, be removed—so long as Members of Congress continue to flood the land with inflammatory speeches and harangues, calculated only to produce the very consequences they affect to deplore? Our own opinion is that much of the distress complained of, is caused by pretended efforts for its alleviation.—[N. J. Observer.

The New York anti-Bank memorial contains seventeen thousand names, being about two to one to the Bank memorial of the same city.—[Pennsylvania.

More than half the stories told about the extent of the pressure for money are gross exaggerations; and this is shown whenever the allegations are sufficiently specific to admit of denial. Thus a story told in the Commercial Advertiser respecting the alleged alarming and ruinous state of things in Patterson, New Jersey—a paragraph obviously designed to increase the evil it affects to deplore—is contradicted by the Daily Advertiser. One Bank journal forced to correct the misrepresentations of another! The public will come at the exact merits of the matter after a while. [Evening Post.

The following expressive lines were chalked on the door of an empty store,—"Shut up on account of the removal of the deposits."

#### PRIVATE INCOMES.

It appears from tables lately published, the private income of twenty two land proprietors in Great Britain, amounts to \$7,240,000 annually. Of these twenty two, The Duke of Northumberland has an income of \$672,000 The Duke of Devonshire 538,000 The Duke of Rutland 475,000 The Duke of Bedford 445,000 The Duke of Norfolk 395,000 The Marquis of Buckingham 406,000 Twelve other individuals have an income of rising \$200,000.

#### MARRIED.

In this town, by the Rev. James Hooper, Mr. Moses M. Twitchell to Miss Eunice J. Monk, both of Paris.  
In Turner, Mr. Martin C. Gore of Livermore, to Miss Polly Bryant.  
In Winthrop, Mr. Alexander Wing to Miss Sarah P. Derout.  
In Hallowell, Mr. Stewart Foster, Jr. to Mrs. Mary E. Ames.

#### DIED.

In Fryeburg, Mrs. Mary Charles, aged 80.  
In Georgetown, D. C. Lorenzo Dow, the celebrated itinerant Preacher, aged 72.  
In Rodney, Mississippi, Oct. 30th, last, Miss Mary C. Hill, late of Bethel, Me. aged 24 years, daughter of Elnos Hill, Esq. of Bethel.  
In Boston, Robert Lilly, Esq. aged 52; of the firm of Lilly, Wait, & Co.

#### Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss.  
TAKEN on execution and will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder at the Inn of Thomas Peabody of Gilead, in said county, on Monday the twenty-fourth day of March next, at two of the clock in the afternoon all the right, title and interest which Daniel Corner, of said Gilead, yeoman, has to the betterments of the Farm on which Luther Styles now lives, situated in said Gilead, by virtue of a possession and improvement of the same.

AARON CROSS, Dept. Sh'ff.  
Bethel, Feb. 17, 1834. 3w28

#### Wanted!

AN apprentice to the joiner and wagon making business. Apply to  
JAMES PERRY.  
Also—To let, a farm, for the term of four or five years. Apply as above.  
Paris Feb. 19, 1834. 3w28.



FOR SALE THE FARM  
formerly owned by George Ryerson, and the same set off from said Ryerson by Execution to David Dana.—For terms apply to  
THOMAS CLARK.  
Feb. 25, 1834. 3w28

Copartnership Notice.  
THE subscribers have formed a connection in business under the firm of SMITH & BENNETT, and have taken the Store near the Mills, formerly occupied by J. T. Smith, where they have for sale on the most reasonable terms for cash, country produce, or credit, a good assortment of W. I. Goods and Groceries, English and American Goods, Hardware, Crockery and Glassware, School Books and Stationery, Fruits, Medicines, &c. &c. making it all a very extensive variety of reasonable goods. Former customers of the subscribers are respectfully invited to call.

JONATHAN B. SMITH,  
ANTHONY BENNETT.  
Norway-Village, Nov. 16, 1833.  
SMITH & BENNETT will carry on the Potash hereafter improved by A. Bennett, and wish to receive notices in exchange for Goods at their cash prices.  
Norway-Village, Nov. 22, 1833. 1f 15

BLANKS FOR SALE, by  
ISAAC HARLOW.  
Paris-Hill, Oct. 8, 1833



